

*Senat.* To Coriolanus come all ioy and Honor.

*Flourish Cornets.*

*Then Exeunt. Menet Sicinius and Brutus.*

*Brut.* You see how he intends to vse the people.

*Sicini.* May they perceiue's intent: he wil require them As if he did contemne what he requested, Should be in them to giue.

*Brut.* Come, we'll informe them Of our proceedings heere on th' Market place, I know they do attend vs.

*Enter seven or eight Citizens.*

1. *Cit.* Once if he do require our voyces, wee ought not to deny him.

2. *Cit.* We may Sir if we will.

3. *Cit.* We haue power in our selues to do it, but it is a power that we haue no power to do: For, if hee shew vs his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speake for them: So if he tel vs his Noble deeds, we must also tell him our Noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingratfull, were to make a Monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring our selues to be monstrous members.

1. *Cit.* And to make vs no better thought of a little helpe will serue: for once we stood vp about the Corne, he himselfe stucke not to call vs the many-headed Multitude.

3. *Cit.* We haue beene call'd so of many, not that our heads are some browne, some blacke, some Abram, some bald; but that our wits are so diuersly Coulord; and truely I thinke, if all our wittes were to issue out of one Scull, they would flye East, West, North, South, and their consent of one direct way, should be at once to all the points a'th' Compasse.

2. *Cit.* Thinke you so? Which way do you iudge, my wit would flye.

3. *Cit.* Nay your wit will not so soone out as another mans will, 'tis strongly wadg'd vp in a blocke-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould sure Southward.

2. *Cit.* Why that way?

3. *Cit.* To loose it selfe in a Fogge, where being three parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would returne for Conscience sake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.

2. *Cit.* You are neuer without your trickes, you may, you may.

3. *Cit.* Are you all resolu'd to giue your voyces? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I say. If hee would incline to the people, there was neuer a worthier man.

*Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with Menenius.*

Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke his behaviour: we are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, & by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein euerie one of vs has a single Honor, in giuing him our own voyces with our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and Ile direct you how you shall go by him.

*All.* Content, content.

*Men.* Oh Sir, you are not right: haue you not knowne The worthiest men haue done't?

*Corio.* What must I say, I pray Sir?

Plague vpon't, I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds, I got them in my Countries Service, when Some certaine of your Brethren roar'd, and ranne

From th' noise of our owne Drummes.

*Menet.* Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that, You must desire them to thinke vpon you.

*Coriol.* Thinke vpon me? Hang 'em, I would they would forget me, like the Vertues Which our Diuines lose by em.

*Men.* You'll marre all,

Ile leave you: Pray you speake to em, I pray you In wholsome manner.

*Enter three of the Citizens.*

*Corio.* Bid them wash their Faces, And keepe their teeth cleane: So, heere comes a brace, You know the cause (Sir) of my standing heere.

3. *Cit.* We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't.

*Corio.* Mine owne desert.

2. *Cit.* Your owne desert.

*Corio.* I, but mine owne desire.

3. *Cit.* How not your owne desire?

*Corio.* No Sir, 'twas neuer my desire yet to trouble the poore with begging.

3. *Cit.* You must thinke if we giue you any thing, we hope to gaine by you.

*Corio.* Well then I pray, your price a'th' Consullship.

1. *Cit.* The price is, to aske it kindly.

*Corio.* Kindly sir, I pray let me ha't: I haue wounds to shew you, which shall bee yours in priuate: your good voice Sir, what say you?

2. *Cit.* You shall ha't worthy Sir.

*Corio.* A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces begg'd: I haue your Almes, Adieu.

3. *Cit.* But this is something odde.

2. *Cit.* And 'twere to giue againe: but 'tis no matter.

*Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.*

*Coriol.* Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voyces, that I may bee Consull, I haue heere the Customarie Gowne.

1. You haue deserued Nobly of your Country, and you haue not deserued Nobly.

*Coriol.* Your Enigma.

1. You haue bin a course to her enemies, you haue bin a Rod to her Friends, you haue not indeede loued the Common people.

*Coriol.* You should account mee the more Vertuous, that I haue not bin common in my Loue, I will sir flatter my iworne Brother the people to earne a deerer estimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & since the wisdom of their choice, is rather to haue my Hat, then my Heart, I will practice the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfetly, that is sir, I will counterfet the bewitchment of some popular man, and giue it bountifull to the desirers: Therefore beseech you, I may be Consull.

2. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore giue you our voyces heartily.

1. You haue receiued, many wounds for your Country.

*Coriol.* I will not Seale your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voyces, and so trouble you no farther.

*Both.* The Gods giue you ioy Sir heartily.

*Coriol.* Most sweet Voyces:

Better it is to dye, better to sterue,

Then craue the higher, which first we do deserue.

Why in this Wooluith tongue should I stand heere,

To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeare

Their

Their needlesse Vouches: Custome calls me too't. What Custome wills in all things, should we doo't?

The Dust on antique Time would lye vnswep't, And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,

For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it so, Let the high Office and the Honor go

To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through, The one part suffered, the other will I doe.

*Enter three Citizens more.*

Here come more Voyces.

Your Voyces? for your Voyces I haue fought, Watch for your Voyces: for your Voyces, beare

Of Wounds, two dozen odde: Battailies thrice fix I haue seene, and heard of: for your Voyces,

Haue done many things, some lesse, some more: Your Voyces? Indeede I would be Consull.

1. *Cit.* Hee ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without any honest mans Voyce.

2. *Cit.* Therefore let him be Consull: the Gods giue him ioy, and make him good friend to the People.

*All.* Amen, Amen. God saue thee, Noble Consull.

*Corio.* Worthy Voyces.

*Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.*

*Menet.* You haue stood your Limitation: And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce, Remaines, that in th' Officiall Markes inuested, You anon doe meet the Senate.

*Corio.* Is this done?

*Sicini.* The Custome of Request you haue discharg'd: The People doe admit you, and are summon'd

To meet anon, vpon your approbation.

*Corio.* Where? at the Senate-house?

*Sicini.* There, Coriolanus.

*Corio.* May I change these Garments?

*Sicini.* You may, Sir.

*Corio.* That Ile straight do: and knowing my selfe again, Repaire toth' Senate-house.

*Menet.* Ile keepe you company. Will you along?

*Brut.* We stay here for the People.

*Sicini.* Fare you well. *Exeunt Coriol. and Menet.*

He ha's it now: and by his Lookes, me thinkes, 'Tis warme at's heart.

*Brut.* With a proud heart he wore his humble Weeds: Will you dismisst the People?

*Enter the Plebeians.*

*Sicini.* How now, my Masters, haue you chose this man?

1. *Cit.* He ha's our Voyces, Sir.

*Brut.* We pray the Gods, he may deserue your loues.

2. *Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poore vnworthy notice, Hemock'd vs, when he begg'd our Voyces.

3. *Cit.* Certainly, he slowted vs downe-right.

1. *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock vs.

2. *Cit.* Not one amongst vs, saue your selfe, but sayes He vs'd vs scornfully: he should haue shew'd vs

His Marks of Merit, Wounds recei'd for's Country.

*Sicini.* Why to he did, I am sure.

*All.* No, no: no man saw 'em.

3. *Cit.* Hee said hee had Wounds,

Which he could shew in priuate:

And with his Hat, thus waiting it in scorne, I would be Consull, sayes he: aged Custome,

But by your Voyces, will not so permit me. Your Voyces therefore: when we graunted that,

Here was, I thanke you for your Voyces, thanke you

Your most sweet Voyces: now you haue left your Voyces, I haue no further with you. Was not this mockerie?

*Sicini.* Why eyther were you ignorant to see't? Or seeing it, of such Childish friendlinesse,

To yeeld your Voyces?

*Brut.* Could you not haue told him, As you were lesson'd: When he had no Power,

But was a pettie seruant to the State, He was your Enemie, euer spake against

Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare I'th' Body of the Weale: and now arriuing

A place of Potencie, and sway o'th' State, If he should still malignantly remaine

Fast Foe toth' Plebey, your Voyces might Be Curses to your selues. You should haue said,

That as his worthy deeds did clayme no lesse Then what he stood for: so his gracious nature

Would thinke vpon you, for your Voyces, And translate his Mallice towards you, into Loue,

Standing your friendly Lord.

*Sicini.* Thus to haue said,

As you were fore-aduis'd, had toucht his Spirit, And try'd his Inclination: from him pluckt

Eyther his gracious Promise, which you might As cause had call'd you vp, haue held him to;

Or else it would haue gall'd his surly nature, Which easily endures not Article,

Tying him to ought, so putting him to Rage, You should haue ta'en th' aduantage of his Choller,

And pat's'd him vnlected.

*Brut.* Did you perceiue,

He did sollicite you in free Contempt, When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke,

That his Contempt shall not be brushing to you, When he hath power to crush? Why, had your Bodyes

No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry Against the Rectorship of Iudgement?

*Sicini.* Haue you, ere now, deny'd the asker: And now againe, of him that did not aske, but mock,

Bestow your sūd. for Tongues?

3. *Cit.* Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2. *Cit.* And will deny him:

Ile haue five hundred Voyces of that sound.

1. *Cit.* I twice five hundred, & their friends, to piece 'em.

*Brut.* Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends, They haue chose a Consull, that will from them take

Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,

As therefore kept to doe so.

*Sicini.* Let them assembl: and on a safer Iudgement, All reuoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,

And his old Hate vnto you: besides, forget not With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,

How in his Suit he scorn'd you: but your Loues, Thinking vpon his Seruices, tooke from you

Th' apprehension of his present portance, Which most gibingly, vngraciously, he did fashion

After the inueterate Hate he beares you.

*Brut.* Lay a fault on vs, your Tribunes, That we labour'd (no impediment betweene)

But that you must cast your Election on him.

*Sicini.* Say you chose him, more after our commandment, Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that

Your Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do, Then what you should, made you against the graine

To Voyce him Consull. Lay the fault on vs.

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*Brut. I.*